



The Tragedy of

Actus Primus. Scena

Enter a Company of Mutinous Citizens, with Staves, Clubs, and other weapons.

1. Citizen.

BEfore we proceed any further, heare me speake.
All. Speake, speake.
1. *Cit.* You are all resolu'd rather to dy then
to famish?

All. Resolu'd, resolu'd.

1. *Cit.* First you know, *Caius Martius* is chiefe enemy
to the people.

All. We know't, we know't.

1. *Cit.* Let vs kill him, and wee'l haue Corne at our own
price. Is't a Verdict?

All. No more talking on't; Let it be done, away, away

2. *Cit.* One word, good Citizens.

1. *Cit.* We are accounted poore Citizens, the Patri-
cians good: what Authority sursets one, would reiecte
vs. If they would yeelde vs but the superfluitie while it
were wholsome, wee might guesse they releeued vs hu-
manely: But they thinke we are too deere, the leanneffe
that afflicts vs, the obiekt of our misery, is as an inuento-
ry to particularize their abundance, our sufferance is a
gaine to them. Let vs reuenge this with our Pikes, ere
we become Rakes. For the Gods know, I speake this in
hunger for Bread, not in thirst for Reuenge.

2. *Cit.* Would you proceede especially against *Caius*
Martius.

All. Against him first: He's a very dog to the Com-
monalty.

2. *Cit.* Consider you what Seruices he ha's done for his
Country?

1. *Cit.* Very well, and could bee content to giue him
good report for't, but that hee payes himselfe with bee-
ing proud.

All. Nay, but speake not maliciously.

1. *Cit.* I say vnto you, what he hath done Famouslie,
he did it to that end: though soft conscienc'd men can be
content to say it was for his Country, he did it to please
his Mother, and to be partly proud, which he is, euen to
the altitude of his vertue.

2. *Cit.* What he cannot helpe in his Nature, you ac-
count a Vice in him: You must in no way say he is co-
uetous.

1. *Cit.* If I must not, I neede not be barren of Accusa-
tions he hath fautes (with surplus) to tyre in repetition.

Shows within.

What shows are these? The other side a'th City is risen:
why stay we prating heere? To th' Capitoll.

All. Come, come.

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2. *Cit.*

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1. *Cit.*

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